

THE GOLDEN ROAD

SECOND SERIES BOOK FOUR

THE GOLDEN ROAD

Compiled by
W. BERTRAM WHITE

HEAD MASTER, HIGH OAKHAM SCHOOL,
MANSFIELD

With a Foreword by
P. B. BALLARD, M.A., D.Lit.

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BOOK FOUR

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FOREWORD

BY P. B. BALLARD, M.A., D.LIT.

THIS second series of poems serve the same high ideals as the first series. They have the ring of true poetry and at the same time convey a message which fitly appeals to the ardent spirit of youth. They convey a message of cheer, of sympathy and of courage. Like Wordsworth's daffodils, they are indeed "a jocund company." Taking the readers into the open air and the sunshine, they foster a love of the simple elemental things of life which we share with all God's creatures, and they bring about a fellow-feeling for all that lives and breathes and suffers. Other notes are struck too. There is fun in these books as well as kindness; and there is an appeal to courage and the spirit of high adventure. Gloom is absent, and cruelty is absent. What is left is pure metal. And it is in the conviction that these little books cannot fail to foster the finer graces of the spirit that I heartily commend them to their youthful readers.

THANK YOU!

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*"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."
William Shakespeare.*

THREADS OF GOLD

YOU may ask, "Why is poetry written?" There is, of course, one very simple reason—namely, that the poet wishes to tell us something. But he could do so in prose; why, then, does he choose verse? To find an answer to that question we must think of the time—many centuries ago now—when there were no such things as books, and when writing materials were as scarce as the people able to use them. In those times, however, people were just as interested in stories as we are to-day, and as they had no facilities for reading, they had to rely for their entertainment upon certain men who made it their business to recite stories. These tellers of tales had much to remember, and they found their work far easier when their stories had a regular beat, or, as we call it, metre. These professional story-tellers were therefore the first poets, and their tales comprise the first kind of poetry.

Their poems are known to-day as Epics; they were usually very long, consisting of thousands of lines, and they told in a magnificent manner of great deeds and of the adventures of famous heroes. But so old are some of them that we do not know

when or by whom they were written. Most of us have heard of the two Greek epics, "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey," which tell the story of the heroes of the Trojan War, and also of the old English epic poem about Beowulf and his fight with the monster Grendel. But not all epics are as old as these, for poets of later times imitated their predecessors and produced epics of which perhaps the best example is Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Very similar in some respects to the old epics were the Ballads, the second type of poem we will consider. The real beginnings of these poems are very uncertain, but there is no doubt that they were at one time recited by strolling story-tellers. They, in the main, also tell of the exploits of famous men, either in love or in battle. Their language, however, is not as noble as that of the epics, and they do not usually contain more than a hundred lines or so. Most old ballads are easily recognisable by their stanzas of four lines (the first and third of which have four feet, and the second and fourth three), and by certain tricks of repetition. There is an old ballad in *The Golden Road*, Book II, entitled "Sir Patrick Spens." There are also Ballad Poems, written by authors of later years, but although they tell a story, they only vaguely resemble the old ballads in metre and design.

And now, having dealt with poems which tell stories, we turn our attention to another type

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—poems which express an emotion. This is a further reason why people write poetry; it seems natural for them to express their feelings in this way, especially when so many poets have done so before them.

But just as there are many different kinds of feelings, so there are many different ways of expressing these emotions in poetry, and we must examine each in turn. Poems which aim at giving expression to a sensation which is experienced just for awhile and which then departs are known as Lyrics. They are naturally fairly short, they contain one central idea, expressed in a beautiful or striking way, and their language is usually simple.

If lyrics are intended to be set to music, they are called Songs, and are then usually simpler in ideas but more strongly pronounced in metre. If the song refers to a sacred subject, it is often called a Hymn.

Then, of course, there is the Sonnet. This is a lyric of a very definite form, consisting of fourteen lines, each one containing five iambic feet. There are two varieties—the Italian and the English. The Italian sonnet is divided into two parts, the first eight lines being called the *octave* and the last six the *sestet*; each section should deal with a different aspect of the same idea. The English sonnet usually consists of three *quatrains* (groups of four lines) and a *couplet* (two lines).

So far the lyrics we have considered have dealt

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with a single brief emotion ; but sometimes poets' feelings are too deep and lasting to be treated lightly, and so they write down their thoughts in the form of an ode or an elegy.

The Ode is a long lyrical poem, usually addressed to some person or thing, and deals with a number of ideas. Most odes contain very deep thoughts.

The Elegy, again, is usually a long lyrical poem, not addressed to, but mourning the loss of, some person or something precious. Although very beautiful, the finest elegies are so sad that this form has been omitted from this book.

A word must be said about the Epigram. This is a short, witty saying in verse, the shorter the better. It is scarcely long enough to be called a poem, yet it is just because it is in metre that it is so appealing.

And now we are able to answer the original question, "Why do people write poetry?" by saying that they wish either to tell us something or to voice their feelings, or to do both. And they have many different ways of doing these things. Yes, many, for the various types we have just read about are only the most important ones, though most others are merely variations of these.

W. Bertram White.

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The Golden Road

ODE

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

THE OLD SHIPS

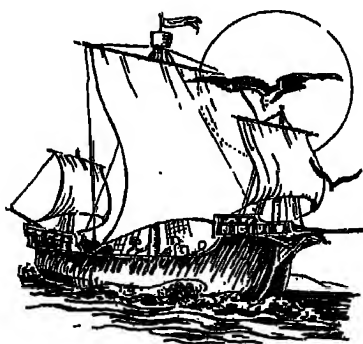
I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in
that same
(Fished up beyond Aeëa, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,

The Golden Road

And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.
It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

James Elroy Flecker.



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THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

Prologue

WE who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives though lilies
die,

We Poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not
why,—

What shall we tell you ? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men
rest,

Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall toward the West :

And there the world's first huge white-bearded
kings

In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

II

And how beguile you ? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

The Golden Road

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair ;
They know time comes, not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or
there ;

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells.

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on :
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.
James Elroy Flecker.



The Golden Road

BRUMANA

O H, shall I never, never be home again !
Meadows of England shining in the rain
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your ramparts
green
With briar fortify, with blossom screen
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow
And pure and deep through plains and play-
lands go,
For me your love and all your kingcups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines
Of that long saga that you sang me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found
The falsest of fair tales.
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,
That native music for her forest home,
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales
Shadows and light noon spectres of the foam
Riding the summer gales
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

The Golden Road

Hearing you sing, O trees,
Hearing you murmur, "There are older seas,
That beat on vaster sands,
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"
Hearing you whisper, "Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea ;
Beneath me sleep in mist and light in calm
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule
In ancient days of endless dynasty,
And all around the snowy mountains swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove; O pines, of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines
My heart shall listen still.
For pines are gossip pines the wild world through
And full of runic tales to sigh or sing.
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.
'Tis ever sweet to lie
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,

The Golden Road

And though the fanciful green lizard stir
And windy odours light as thistledown
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and the pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again !
James Elroy Flecker.

THE UPRIGHT MAN

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent—

The Golden Road

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age ;
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion.

THE GREAT LOVER

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's
praise,

The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared
with me

High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?
Love is a flame ;—we have beaconed the world's
night.

A city :—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those
names

Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,

The Golden Road

To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .
These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery
dust;

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong
crust

Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;
And flowers themselves, that sway through
sunny hours,

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the
moon ;

Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;
The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me ! Royal
flames ;

Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring ;

The Golden Road

Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;
Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting
train ;

Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes
home ;

And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold
Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;
Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;
And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-
new ;—

And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on
grass ;—

All these have been my loves. And these shall
pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of
Death.

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor
breath,

Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's
trust

And sacramented covenant to the dust.

— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall
wake,

And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers. . . .

The Golden Road

But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is
blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from
brains
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.
O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give : that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, " All these were lovely " ; say, " He
loved."

Rupert Brooke.



The Golden Road

LAMENT

WE who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their lives for us loved, too, the sun and rain.

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?
Wilfrid Gibson.

THE FIRE

SNUG in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame,
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire :

The Golden Road

Amber woodlands streaming ;
Topaz islands dreaming ;
Sunset cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire ;
Ruddy-windowed tavern ;
Sunshine-spilling wines ;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines ;
Summers, unreturning ;
Passion's crater yearning ;
Troy, the ever-burning ;
Shelley's lustral pyre ;
Dragon-eyes unsleeping ;
Witches' caldrons leaping ;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre :
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air,
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light,
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.
Wilfrid Gibson.

THE ICE CART

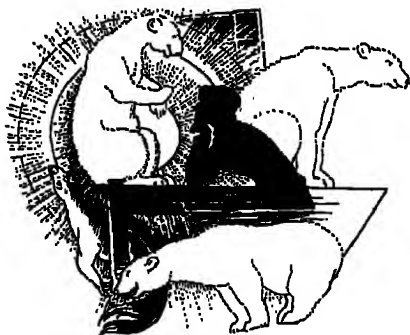
PERCHED on my city office-stool
I watched with envy, while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice,
And I was wandering in a trice,
Far from the gray and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow
Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares,
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels,
And floundered after shining seals,
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And as I watched them, ere I knew,
I'd stripped, and I was swimming too,
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through crackling ice and salty deep—
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far untravelled floe,
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—

The Golden Road

Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

The carter cracked a sudden whip :
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

Wilfrid Gibson.



The Golden Road

HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

GREEN gardens in Laventie !
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed
about
By battle-wending feet ;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a
glimpse of grass,
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back
wall should have been
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine,
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed
mouse
Running from house to house.

The Golden Road

So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass,
In noisy continuity, until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasance to find ;
And there some yellow daffodils and jasmine
hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found,
Was a little bush of daphne flower
Upon a grassy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine
the scent,
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and
shattered towns
Away upon the Downs.

The Golden Road

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas ;
And meadows with their glittering streams, and
silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place !
Edward Wyndham Tennant.

The Golden Road

IN ROMNEY MARSH

AS I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land ;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits ;
The upper air like sapphire glowed ;
And roses fill'd Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops ;
The swinging waves pealed on the shore ;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Down's low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

The Golden Road

Night sank : like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down ;
Shrill blew the wind ; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves splashed on the shore ;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

John Davidson.



The Golden Road

PAN

ROUND and about the sordid street
With grimy face and dusty feet,
Tattered jacket, ragged vest,
And flaunting paper plume for crest,
Laughing lips and shining eyes
—Forget-me-nots from paradise—
And upturned nose impertinent,
With all his tawdry world content—
Pan, of his woodland haunts beguiled,
Is come again, a gutter child,
That lightly trips on twinkling toes,
And through a comb and paper blows
Fantastic music as he goes.

E. Hamilton Moore.



TO A SNOWFLAKE

WHAT heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal !)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost ?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour ?—
“God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind :—
Thou couldst not have thought me !
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.”

Francis Thompson.

LONDON SNOW

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came
flying,

In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely
lying,

Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
Its clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed
brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly
glare :

The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling
whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn
air :

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school,
calling ;

The Golden Road

They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-
balling ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look at the
trees ! ”

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul’s high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the
snow ;

And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they
go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the
charm they have broken.

Robert Bridges.

LARKS

WHAT voice of gladness, hark !
In heaven is ringing ?
From the sad fields the lark
Is upward winging.

High through the mournful mist that blots our day
Their songs betray them soaring in the grey,
See them ! Nay, they
In sunlight swim ; above the furthest stain
Of cloud attain ; their hearts in music rain
Upon the plain.

Sweet birds, far out of sight,
Your songs of pleasure
Dome us with joy as bright
As heaven's best azure.

Robert Bridges.

BEAUTY

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors and
windy hills

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of
Spain :

I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm
April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old
chant of the sea

And seen strange lands from under the arched white
sails of ships,

But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has
showed to me,

Are her voice, and her hair and eyes, and the dear
red curve of her lips.

John Masefield.



TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT it is, and the far woods are dim,
and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a
star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone
at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear
long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that
death cannot last ;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has
defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

John Masefield.



THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited ;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

The Golden Road

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy.

AUTUMN

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful
harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,

The Golden Road

Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him, how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch
eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep.
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

The Golden Road

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them—thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn ;

Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft

The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats.



The Golden Road

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

The Golden Road

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew ;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

The Golden Road

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
" I love thee true ! "

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore ;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all
Who cried—" La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall ! "

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

The Golden Road

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats.



The Golden Road

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.
Arthur Hugh Clough.

The Golden Road

WIZARDS

THERE'S many a proud wizard in Araby and
Egypt
Can read the silver writing of the stars as they
run ;
And many a dark gipsy, with a pheasant in his
knapsack,
Has gathered more by moonshine than wiser men
have won ;
But *I* know a wizardry
Can take a buried acorn,
And whisper forests out of it, to tower against the
sun.

There's many a magician, in Bagdad and Benares,
Can read you for a penny what your future is to
be ;
And a flock of crazy prophets that by staring at a
crystal
Can fill it with more fancies than there's herring
in the sea ;
But *I* know a wizardry
Can take a freckled egg-shell,
And shake a throstle out of it, in every hawthorn
tree.

The Golden Road

There's many a crafty alchemist in Mecca and
Jerusalem,
And Michael Scott and Merlin were reckoned very
wise ;
 But *I* know a wizardry
 Can take a wisp of sun-fire
And round it to a planet, and roll it through the
skies,
With cities, and sea-ports, and little shining
windows,
And hedge-rows, and gardens, and loving human
eyes.

Alfred Noyes.



The Golden Road

THE BARREL-ORGAN

THERE'S a barrel-organ carolling across a
golden street

In the City as the sun sinks low ;
And the music's not immortal ; but the world has
made it sweet,

And fulfilled it with the sunset glow ;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and
the pain

That surround the singing organ like a large
eternal light ;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms
of old romance,

And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King
of France.

And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
And all around the organ there's a sea without a
shore

Of human joys and wonders and regrets ;
To remember and to recompense the music ever-
more

For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

The Golden Road

Yes ; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass ;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colours it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song ;
And there *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong ;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into—a dance !—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time ;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)

And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love in summer's wonderland,

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)

The Golden Road

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume
and sweet perfume,

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so
near to London !)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the
world's a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a
song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare, and yet they say
you'll hear him there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to
London !)

The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the
long halloo

And golden-eyed *tu-whit*, *tu-whoo*, of owls that
ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't
heard

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to
London !)

And when the rose begins to pout and all the chest-
nut spires are out

You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorus-
ing for London :—

The Golden Road

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time ;*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London !)*

*And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love in
summer's wonderland ;*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far
from London !)*

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden
street

In the City as the sun sinks low ;
And in all the gaudy buses there are scores of weary
feet

Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll
never meet,

Through the meadows of the sunset, through the
poppies and the wheat,

In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way ?

The Golden Road

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May !)
If anyone should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is—
My own love, my true love,
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(*It's lilac-time in London ! It's lilac-time in
London !*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady
While the sky burns blue above.

On the other side the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac-time in London ! It's lilac-time in
London !*)
But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden
street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow ;
And the music's not immortal ; but the world has
made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a
song complete

The Golden Road

In the deeper heavens of music where the night and
morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset glow ;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and
the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large
eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets ;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song.
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong.
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
Has whirled into—a dance !

The Golden Road

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London !)
And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love in
summer's wonderland.
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London !)*

Alfred Noyes.



A SONG OF ENGLAND

THERE is a song of England that none shall
ever sing ;

So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds
upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave can
fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of
England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

There is a song of England that only lovers know ;
So rare it is and fair it is,
Oh, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of snow,
So cold and sweet and sunny,
So full of hidden honey,
So like a flight of butterflies where rose and lily blow
Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes of
England ;
When flowers are at their vespers
And full of little whispers,
The boys and girls of England shall sing it as they
go.

The Golden Road

There is a song of England that only love may sing,
So sure it is and pure it is ;
And seaward with the seamew it spreads a whiter
wing,

And with the skylark hovers
Above the tryst of lovers,
Above the kiss and whisper that led the lovely
Spring
Through all the glades of England, the ferny glades
of England,

Until the way enwound her
With sprays of May, and crowned her
With stars of frosty blossom in a merry morris-ring.

There is a song of England that haunts her hours of
rest ;

The calm of it and balm of it
Are breathed from every hedgerow that blushes to
the West :

From cottage doors that nightly
Cast their welcome out so brightly
On the lanes where laughing children are lifted and
caressed

By the tenderest hands in England, hard and
blistered hands of England ;

And from the restful sighing
Of the sleepers that are lying
With the arms of God around them on the night's
contented breast.

The Golden Road

There is a song of England that wanders in the
wind ;

So sad it is and glad it is

That men who hear it madden and their eyes are
wet and blind,

For the lowlands and the highlands

Of the unforgotten islands,

For the Islands of the Blessed, and the rest they
cannot find

As they grope in dreams to England and the love
they left in England ;

Little feet that danced to meet them,

And the lips that used to greet them,

And the watcher at the window in the home they
left behind.

There is a song of England that thrills the beating
blood

With burning cries and yearning

Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or under-
stood ;

Aspirations of the creature

Tow'rds the unity of Nature ;

Sudden chivalries revealing whence the longing is
renewed

The Golden Road

In the men that live for England, live and love and
die for England :

By the light of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher
To a wider, grander Kingdom and a deeper, nobler
Good.

There is a song of England that only God can hear ;
So gloriously victorious,
It soars above the choral stars that sing the Golden
Year ;

Till even the cloudy shadows
That wander o'er her meadows
In silent purple harmonies declare His glory there,
Along the hills of England, the billowy hills of
England,
While heaven rolls and ranges
Through all the myriad changes
That mirror God in music to the mortal eye and
ear.

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing :
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds
upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains

The Golden Road

THE VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labour-
ing swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene ;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring
hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Oliver Goldsmith.



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Oliver Goldsmith.

TO VINCENT CORBET, HIS SON

WHAT I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well :
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health ;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.

I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes—and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support ;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.

I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

Richard Corbet.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea ;
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day :
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey ;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

The Golden Road

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

The Golden Road

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

Hilaire Belloc.



The Golden Road

ECSTASY

I SAW a frieze on whitest marble drawn
Of boys who sought for shells along the shore,
Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,
The shallow sea, the spring-time sea of green
That faintly creamed against the cold, smooth
pebbles.

The air was thin, their limbs were delicate,
The wind had graven their small eager hands
To feel the forests and the dark nights of Asia
Behind the purple bloom of the horizon,
Where sails would float and slowly melt away.

Their naked, pure, and grave unbroken silence
Filled the soft air as gleaming, limpid water
Fills a spring sky those days when rain is lying
In shattered bright pools on the wind-dried roads,
And their sweet bodies were wind-purified.

One held a shell unto his shell-like ear
And there was music carven in his face,
His eyes half-closed, his lips just breaking open
To catch the lulling, mazy, coralline roar
Of numberless caverns filled with singing seas.

The Golden Road

And all of them were hearkening as to singing
Of far-off voices thin and delicate,
Voices too fine for any mortal wind
To blow into the whorls of mortal ears—
And yet those sounds flowed from their grave,
sweet faces.

And as I looked I heard that delicate music,
And I became as grave, as calm, as still
As those carved boys. I stood upon that shore,
I felt the cool sea dream around my feet,
My eyes were staring at the far horizon :

And the wind came and purified my limbs,
And the stars came and set within my eyes,
And snowy clouds rested upon my shoulders,
And the blue sky shimmered deep within me,
And I sang like a carven pipe of music.

W. J. Turner.

YUSSOUF

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,

Saying, " Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, ' The
Good '."

" This tent of mine," said Yussouf, " but no more
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard ' Nay! ' "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said : " Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the prying day grow bold,"
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindles nobleness :

The Golden Road

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling
low

He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee : all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with
thee

Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

James Russell Lowell.



FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



The Golden Road

EXTRACT FROM "MORTE D'ARTHUR"

AND slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
" The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend ?

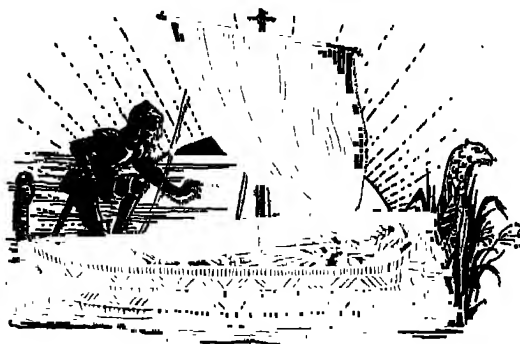
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,

The Golden Road

Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Révolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



The Golden Road

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

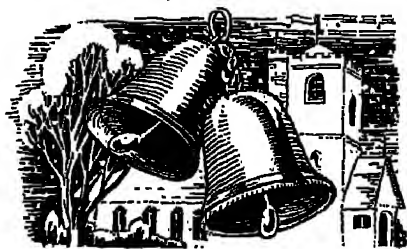
The Golden Road

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



The Golden Road

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little bréezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :

The Golden Road

But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot :
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care has she,
The Lady of Shalott.

The Golden Road

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot :
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

The Golden Road

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves ;
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather :
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot :

The Golden Road

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot :
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot :
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
" The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

The Golden Road

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot :

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote

The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot.

The Golden Road

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

The Golden Road

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



ULYSSES

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,

The Golden Road

A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :

The Golden Road

The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the
deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we
are ;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The Golden Road

EXTRACT FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL"

MAKE me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men :

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new : .
That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do :

The Golden Road

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro'
the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the
battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

A VISION

NO more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field,
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys on flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The Golden Road

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

Alexander Pope.



IN MAY

YES, I will spend the livelong day
With Nature in this month of May ;
And sit beneath the trees, and share
My bread with birds whose homes are there ;
While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
Stand to their necks in grass so deep ;
While birds do sing with all their might,
As though they felt the earth in flight.
This is the hour I dreamed of, when
I sat surrounded by poor men ;
And thought of how the Arab sat
Alone at evening, gazing at
The stars that bubbled in clear skies ;

And of young dreamers, when their eyes
Enjoyed methought a precious boon
In the adventures of the Moon
Whose light, behind the Clouds' dark bars,
Searched for her stolen flock of stars.
When I, hemmed in by wrecks of men,
Thought of some lonely cottage then,
Full of sweet books ; and miles of sea,
With passing ships, in front of me ;
And having, on the other hand,
A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

William Henry Davies.

WINTER'S BEAUTY

IS it not fine to walk in spring,
When leaves are born, and hear birds sing ?
And when they lose their singing powers,
In summer, watch the bees at flowers ?
Is it not fine, when summer's past,
To have the leaves, no longer fast,
Biting my heel where'er I go,
Or dancing lightly on my toe ?
Now winter's here and rivers freeze ;
As I walk out I see the trees,
Wherein the pretty squirrels sleep,
All standing in the snow so deep :
And every twig, however small,
Is blossomed white and beautiful.
Then welcome, winter, with thy power
To make this tree a big white flower ;
To make this tree a lovely sight,
With fifty brown arms draped in white,
While thousands of small fingers show
In soft white gloves of purest snow.

William Henry Davies.

The Golden Road

THE MOON

THY beauty haunts me heart and soul,
Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright ;
Thy beauty makes me like the child
That cries aloud to own thy light :
The little child that lifts each arm
To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes :
Who worships thee till music fails,
Is greater than thy nightingales.

William Henry Davies.



The Golden Road

THE OLD STOIC

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, " Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty !"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore ;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

Emily Brontë.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN (from " *As You Like It* ")

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

The Golden Road

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

William Shakespeare.

THE CROWDED HOUR

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Major Mordaunt.

OUR BIRTH IS BUT A SLEEP

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

William Wordsworth.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

The Golden Road

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

William Wordsworth.



The Golden Road

O SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?

O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny !

Thomas Dekker.

The Golden Road

OVERHEARD ON A SALTMARSH

NYMPH, nymph, what are your beads ?
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at
them ?

Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so ?

They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man's fair daughter,
Your green beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads, I desire them.

No.

I will howl in a deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love them so.
Give them me. Give them.

No.

Harold Monro.

UNANSWERED QUESTION

SHALL you and I leave everything behind,
Go westward walking,
Never again be conscious of the mind,
But walking, talking
Of flowers and birds and clouds, with no routine,
Not wonder ever again what consciousness may
mean ?

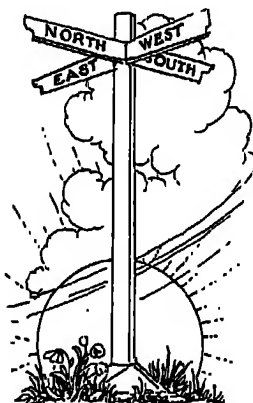
Shall you and I go eastward in grave thought
And inward prying,
Be conscious, introspective, haggard, caught
Sighing and whying ;
With all clear mind and valuable breath
Expended on cold doubts about eventual death ?

Will you and I, submitting to the wind,
Go northward roaring ?
That may be one good way to leave behind
The too trim harbour mooring :
Partake some great campaign, some large experi-
ence, some
Worthy extensive excuse for returning glorious
home.

The Golden Road

Can you and I go southward without blame
Into the region we love,
Fading without desire for famous name,
Or calculated move ?
Can we in sunlight, both contentedly,
Live without ambition, gazing at blue sea ?

Harold Monro.



The Golden Road

THE STREAM'S SONG

MAKE way, make way,
You thwarting stones ;
Room for my play,
 Serious ones.

Do you not fear,
 O rocks and boulders,
To feel my laughter
 On your grave shoulders ?

Do you know not
 My joy at length
Will all wear out
 Your solemn strength ?

You will not for ever
 Cumber my play ;
With joy and a song
 I clear my way.

Your faith of rock
 Shall yield to me;
And be carried away
 By the song of my glee.

The Golden Road

Crumble, crumble,
 Voiceless things ;
No faith can last
 That never sings.

For the last hour
 To joy belongs ;
The steadfast perish,
 But not the songs.

Yet for a while
 Thwart me, O boulders ;
I need for laughter
 Your serious shoulders.

And when my singing
 Has razed you quite,
I shall have lost
 Half my delight.

Lascelles Abercrombie.



The Golden Road

RETREAT

LET there be silence sometimes,
A space of starless night—
A silence, a space of forgetfulness
Away from seething of lives,
The rage of struggle.

Let there be a time of retreat,
A hiding of the sun and all colours,
For the soul to ride at ease in darkness ;
For the coldness of no-life
To soothe life's burning.

Let there be rest
For wearied eyes to ease their labour
And wander across great distances,
For the spirit to slip the chain of hours
And drift in Atlantic waves of time.

Grant peace ;
For a space let there be no roar
Of wheels and voices, no din
Of steel and stone and fire.
Let us cleanse ourselves from the sweat and dirt,
Let us be hushed, let us breathe
The cold sterile wind from colourless space.

Richard Aldington.

SPRING AND POETRY

NOW Spring returns with leaf and blade,
Some seek the garden, some the glade ;
And all to Nature turn, but I
To the fresh fields of Poetry.

Sweet are the first green leaves, and sweet
The scents, and genial the first heat ;
And backed by pine or cypress glooms
How rich the rhododendron blooms !

Yet rich or sweet as these appear,
They were as wonderful last year ;
And all as then move without pause
Through the same course by the same laws.

The flowers I meet in song are new ;
None shall forecast their shape or hue ;
To none of your dull round belong
The seasons that unfold in song.

The trees that sung in verse I find
Are each its own, an unknown, kind ;
But best in all, tree, season, flower,
Is, there's no limit to their power.

The Golden Road

Earth's tulip in her splendours dressed
Is yet a tulip at the best ;
Or shall a grove heal human grief ?
One leaf is like another leaf.

Mays eight and thirty have I known
Thrill each my senses, till 'twas flown ;
Yet doubt if one, that pranked the ground,
Left my soul happier than it found.

The bluebell mist in the deep wood
Has often made me think life good ;
Blue still they crowd by many a tree,
But I see no less misery.

In lilac blooms put not your trust ;
Heavenly their smell is, but they rust ;
Nor let laburnums gain great hold
On your deep heart with their brief gold.

Ten million beech-trees have I seen
Put forth ten thousand leaves of green ;
But never yet, in grove or glade,
Found I the leaf that would not fade.

The gardens of the Muse remain,
Where I can come, and come again ;
The Fancy's flowers are ever bright,
Faint not at noon, close not at night.

The Golden Road

What was once, is still beautiful ;
This can I through all seasons cull ;
And culled once, will continue dewed,
Or if it droop can be renewed.

The woods of song endure and change ;
Those I love best I still find strange,
And therefore never quite despair
The cure of life to light on there.

For when the snow lay thick around,
And there was neither tint nor sound,
And Fate's will was not as my will
I thought last winter and think, still,

The hope that fails not, the one scent
That leaves the spiritual sense content,
The fruit that may redeem the fall,
Shall be plucked here, or not at all.

Archibald Y. Campbell.

The Golden Road

NOW TO BE STILL AND REST

NOW to be still and rest, while the heart re-
members

All that it learned and loved in the days long
past,

To stoop and warm our hands at the fallen embers,
Glad to have come to the long way's end at last.

Now to awake, and feel no regret at waking,
Knowing the shadowy days are white again,
To draw our curtains and watch the slow dawn
breaking
Silver and grey on English field and lane.

Now to fulfil our dreams, in woods and meadows
Treading the well-loved paths,—to pause and
cry

“ So, even so I remember it,”—seeing the shadows
Weave on the distant hills their tapestry.

Now to rejoice in children and join their laughter,
Tuning our hearts once more to the fairy
strain,—

To hear our names on voices we love, and after
Turn with a smile to sleep and our dreams again.

The Golden Road

Then—with a newborn strength, the sweet rest
over,
Gladly to follow the great white road once
more,
To work with a song on our lips and the heart of a
lover,
Building a city of peace on the wastes of war.
P. H. B. Lyon.



MY GOLD

MY gold's hid in the daffodil
And kingcup on the water-mead,
Pale irises, that drink their fill
And many a tender glimmering weed
By fountain's shrine.
My gold's invested on the hill
Where father linnet tells his rede
And greater gorses shine.
My gold's within the tormentil
And golden-rod upon the wild ;
Ragweeds that glow beside the rill ;
Tansy and melampyre, so mild,
Whose pallor lights the dusky denes
Tree-shadowed. And in naked scenes,
Where precipice and needling rocks
Break to the sea with slope and spire
My gold's the lotus, goldilocks,
And patines of the stout samphire
Above unresting blue and foam
That round their crags and castles roam.
No charters fail, no banks suspend
To rob me of a dividend.

Eden Phillpotts.

The Golden Road

THE SAND-GLASS

WE'VE drifted on the face sublime
Of Ethiop deserts since the prime,
And laughed at space and flouted time.

We've felt a royal Pharaoh's shoon ;
We've flown upon the black simoon
To hide the fiery sun at noon.

Grains of red Afric dust are we,
And our mysterious destiny :
To time the egg Jane boils for tea.

Eden Phillpotts.



The Golden Road

TO LIFE

FAIR, fierce Life ! What will you do with me ?
What will you make me ?
Take me and break me,
Hurt me, or love me,
But throne me not lonely and safely above thee,
Sweet Life !

Radiant, terrible Life ! See now, I offer thee
Body and spirit,
Let me inherit
Agony—wonder :
But leave me not icily, numbly asunder,
Dear Life !

Mary Webb.

THE UNCOMMON MAN

THE feathers in a fan
are not so frail as man ;
the green embossèd leaf
than man is no more brief.
His life is not so loud
as the passing of a cloud ;
his death is quieter
than harebells, when they stir.

The Golden Road

The years that have no form
and substance are as warm,
and space has hardly less
supreme an emptiness.
And yet man being frail
does on himself prevail,
and with a single thought
can bring the world to naught,
as being brief he still
bends to his fleeting will
all time, and makes of it
the shadow of his wit.
Soundless in life and death
although he vanisheth,
the echo of a song
makes all the stars a gong.
Cold, void, and yet the grim
darkness is hot with him,
and space is but the span
of the long love of man.

Humbert Wolfe.

The Golden Road

MAGNA EST VERITAS

HERE, in this little Bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day,
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town
I sit me down.
For want of me the world's course will not fail ;
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot :
The truth is great, and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.
Coventry Patmore.

TIDE-RIVER

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefined, for the undefined ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

The Golden Road

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.
Charles Kingsley.



THE BIRTH OF SPEECH

WHAT was't awaken'd first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind ?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere ?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined ?
The note of bird unnamed ? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord ? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet ?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet ?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound ?

Hartley Coleridge.

WHICH WERE THE STRINGS, MUSICIAN ?

WHICH were the strings, musician,
That showed thee Paradise ?

Which was the coast, O mariner,
That filled thy sails with spice ?

Which were the stars, O shepherd,
That strewed thy lonely skies ?

Her spirit is the violin
Whereon my hands in secret play ;
The breezes off a low Cathay
Have scooped my sails to scented caves,
And danced my barque upon the waves,
And chased me on a gale of musk ;
A constellation all unknown
Has slung its coins upon the dusk,
And stabbed its sign for me alone.

Keep thy straight strings, musician !
And, shepherd, watch thy stars,
She's more to me than Jupiter,
Or Mercury and Mars.
Make landfall, master-mariner,
Where anchors hook in gold ;
Mine is the earliest melody,
The haven, and the fold.

V. Sackville-West.

The Golden Road

SONG

SWEETNESS of birdsong shall fall upon my
heart,
Shall fall upon my heart ;
Nor will I strive to mimic
The beauty that I find,
But lie in a dream and open wide my heart
And let the song of the birds sink down into
my mind.

And the peace that it brings and the joy of joyous
things
Shall one day brim maybe
My heart and my brain,
And I will make a singing of long-forgotten things,
And long-forgotten pain,
Of a heart broken and mended with Beauty in a
place
Where troubled dreams all ended
In birdsong and rain
Calling and falling
Quietly.

Frederick William Harvey.

The Golden Road

SOMERSET LANES

THE little lanes of Somerset
Are narrow and lost and green ;
The sunlit trees show leafy aisles
With dappled shade between.
In April, drifts of primroses
Wake from their winter dream,
Sweet as the breath of Somerset kine
And yellow as their cream—
Primroses, and white violets,
And after them the briar,
Orchis, stellaria, campion,
And poppies' flapping fire ;
Gold honeysuckle's sweetness
Above the ferns set high ;
Foxgloves, willow-herb, toadflax,
Heart's-ease minute and shy—
Flower on rioting flower,
And then, for pleasure to eat,
Wild strawberries tiny scarlet
And vagabondly sweet.
Crisp nuts and juicy blackberries,
Fit for a faun to dine ;
Green crab-apples for jelly,
And elder-fruit for wine.
Bird-notes along the hedgerow
Fill all the year with song,
And, blue through gap and gateway,

The Golden Road

The hills serene and strong—
Mendip, Quantock, and Brendon,
Of quiet speak, and rest,
While cloud-shadows and storm-lights
Move lovely o'er their crest.
The little lanes of Somerset
Are grassy and green and lost,
And when the mind is weary,
And when the heart is tossed—
With rain and breeze and sunlight,
Blossom and bird and field,
They weave a spell of comfort
And the sick little self is healed.

Teresa Hooley.



The Golden Road

CLOVELLY

I'D see Clovelly cobbles—
Not dry and scorching 'neath the crowded feet
Of raucous trippers, sweating in August heat ;
But dewy in the dawn-light, misty and grey,
Or white in moonlight, all the noises still,
Or shining with rain upon an April day.
I'd like to sweep the post-cards and the rock,
The printed pottery and the "souvenirs,"
The tea-rooms and the char-a-bancs, and all
The sad sophistications of the year,
Like Gadarene swine pell-mell into the sea,
And leave Clovelly as it was meant to be.

Teresa Hooley.



PIED BEAUTY

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
For skies as couple-coloured as a brindled
cow ;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout
that swim ;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls ; finches' wings ;
Landscapes plotted and pieced—fold, fallow
and plough ;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and
trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange ;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow ; sweet, sour ; adazzle,
dim ;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change ;
Praise Him.

Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The Golden Road

BEAUTY THE PILGRIM

BEAUTY the Pilgrim
Carries no purse ;
He pays his needs
With a snatch of verse ;
He mends his coat,
And cobbles his shoes,
With a song, with a dream,
with a thread
Of the world's good news.

Beauty the Pilgrim
Came to my door ;
But I was busy
Counting my store ;
And when I looked up
Where day had shone,
My store was withered away
And Beauty gone.

Gerald Gould.

FALLEN CITIES

I GATHERED with a careless hand,
There where the waters night and day
Are languid in the idle bay,
A little heap of golden sand ;
And as I saw it, in my sight
Awoke a vision brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
Turrets and domes and citadels,
With murmuring of many bells :
The spires were white in the blue air,
And men by thousands went and came,
Rapid and restless, and like flame
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
The little mound before I knew ;
The visioned city vanished too,
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.
Ah God ! how many hast Thou seen,
Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay !

Gerald Gould.

PRAYER IN MAY

LORD, heal me now with a vision of green things
growing—

With the many shades of trees on a woodland way,
With delicate boughs that wave like waters flowing,
With the springing grass and the mounting corn
and the may.

For the fire of wrath and the drought of long with-
holding,

For death's black frost and life's recurrent sting—
Assuagement comes for all from the soft, enfolding
Dazzle and dew and green of an English spring.

V. Helen Friedlaender.



THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

I HAVE sought the Hidden Beauty in all things,
In love, and courage, and a high heart, and a
hero's grave,
In the hope of a dreaming soul, and a seagull's
wings,
In twilight over the sea, and a broken Atlantic
wave,
I have sought the Hidden Beauty in all things.

I have found the Hidden Beauty where the river
finds the sea,
Or the dark cloud finds the rainbow, or the desert
finds the rain,
Where the night sails out on the Dawn Wind and
the darkness ceases to be,
Or the Spirit builds a rainbow from whirling rings
of pain,
I have found the Hidden Beauty where the river
finds the sea.

Eva Gore-Booth.

THE CITIES

THEY shall sink under water,
They shall rise up again :
They shall be peopled
By millions of men.

Cleansed of their scarlet,
Absolved of their sin,
They shall be like crystal
All stainless within.

Paris and Babel,
London and Tyre,
Reborn from the darkness,
Shall sparkle with fire.

From the folk who throng in
Their gardens and towers
Shall be blown fragrance
Sweeter than flowers.

Faery shall dance in
The streets of the town,
And from sky headlands
The gods looking down.

George William Russell (Æ).

FORTY YEARS ON

FORTY years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder,
What you were like in your work and your play ;
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
Follow up ! follow up ! follow up ! follow up !
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up ! follow up !

Routs and discomfiture, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,—
How will it seem to you forty years on ?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart, and the quivering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we !
Follow up ! follow up !

The Golden Road

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on !
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing of hate !
Follow up ! follow up !

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind and in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong ?
God gives us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !
Follow up ! follow up !

Edward Ernest Bowen.

The Golden Road

O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY

O RUDDIER than the cherry !
O sweeter than the berry !

O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,

Like kidlings blithe and merry !

Ripe as the melting cluster !

No lily has such lustre ;

Yet hard to tame

As raging flame

And fierce as storms that bluster !

John Gay.

THE LOST LEADER

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed ;
How all our copper had gone for his service !
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
proud !

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured
him !

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die !
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from
their graves !

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
—He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre ;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire :
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath un-
trod,

The Golden Road

One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike
gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait
us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the Throne !
Robert Browning.

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears ;
Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell ;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell ;
Strength without hands to smite ;
Love that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.
And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years ;
And froth and drift of the sea ;
And dust of the labouring earth ;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth ;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,

The Golden Road

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin ;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Algernon Swinburne.

The Golden Road

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo !

Robert Burns.

The Golden Road

THE SILENT FIELD

THE evening comes, the field is still ;
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again ;
Deserted is the new-reaped grain,
Silent the sheaves ! the ringing wain,
The reapers' cry, the dogs' alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms !
The business of the day is done,
The last belated gleaner gone.
And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white,
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes ;
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill !
The evening comes, the field is still.

Matthew Arnold.



THE FROST SPIRIT

HE comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the
brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees where
their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have
shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !
from the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy ridge of the Northern seas, which the
white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the
luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into
marble statues grow !

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !—
and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to
the skater's heel ;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bear again to their winter chain, and in mourn-
ful silence pass.

J. G. Whittier.

LEAVETAKING

PASS, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night :
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part.
Pass thou away.

Sir William Watson.

THE GIPSY GIRL

"COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries !"
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears.

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her ;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur ;

She fawned and whined " Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries ! "
—But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes !

Ralph Hodgson.

ARABIA

FAR are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon,
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,
Under the ghost of the moon ;
And so dark is that vaulted purple
Flowers in the forest rise
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams ;
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;
No beauty on earth I see
But shadowed with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me :
Still eyes look coldly upon me,
Cold voices whisper and say—
“ He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away.”

Walter de la Mare.

THE PLOUGHMAN

UNDER the long fell's stony eaves
The ploughman, going up and down,
Ridge after ridge man's tide-mark leaves,
And turns the hard grey soil to brown.

Striding, he measures out the earth
In lines of life, to rain and sun ;
And every year that comes to birth
Sees him still striding on and on.

The seasons change, and then return ;
Yet still, in blind, unsparing ways,
However I may shrink or yearn,
The ploughman measures out my days.

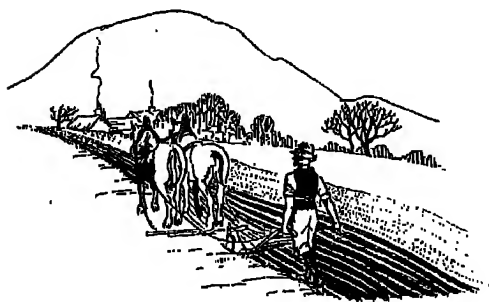
His acre brought forth roots last year ;
This year it bears the gleamy grain ;
Next Spring shall seedling grass appear ; -
Then roots and corn and grass again.

Five times the young corn's pallid green
I have seen spread and change and thrill ;
Five times the reapers I have seen
Go creeping up the far-off hill :

The Golden Road

And, as the unknowing ploughman climbs
Slowly and inveterately,
I wonder long how many times
The corn will spring again for me.

Gordon Bottomley.



THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;
She guards them from the steep ;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right ;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell.

A DEAD HARVEST IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

ALONG the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown,—
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north ; and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run ;
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop ! for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go too the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees ;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

Alice Meynell.

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close ;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto thy flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever,
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

The Golden Road

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

John Fletcher.



MAN HIS OWN STAR

MAN is his own star ; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

John Fletcher.

THE VAGABOND

I KNOW the pools where the grayling rise,
I know the trees where the filberts fall,
I know the woods where the red fox lies,
The twisted elms where the brown 'owls call,
And I've seldom a shilling to call my own,
And there's never a girl I'd marry,
I thank the Lord I'm a rolling stone
With never a care to carry.

I talk to the stars as they come and go,
On every night from July to June,
I'm free of the speech of the winds that blow,
And I know what weather will sing what tune.
I sow no seed, and I pay no rent,
And I thank no man for his bounties,
But I've a treasure that's never spent,
I'm lord of a dozen counties.

John Drinkwater.



MORNING THANKSGIVING

THANK God for sleep in the long quiet night,
For the clear day calling through the little
 leaded panes,
For the shining well water and the warm golden
 light,
And the paths washed white by singing rains.

We thank Thee, O God, for exultation born
 Of the kiss of Thy winds, for life among the
 leaves,
For the whirring wings that pass about the wonder
 of the morn,
For the changing plumes of swallows gliding up-
 wards to their eaves.

For the treasure of the garden, the gillyflowers of
 gold,
 The prouder petalled tulips, the primrose full of
 Spring,
For the crowded orchard boughs, and the swelling
 buds that hold
A yet unwoven wonder, to Thee our praise we
 bring.

The Golden Road

Thank God for good bread, for the honey in the
comb,

For the brown-shelled eggs, for the clustered
blossoms set

Beyond the open window in a pink and cloudy foam,
For the laughing loves among the branches met.

For the kind-faced women we bring our thanks to
Thee,

With shapely mothering arms and grave eyes
clear and blithe,

For the tall young men, strong-thewed as men may
be,

For the old man bent above his scythe.

For earth's little secret and innumerable ways,

For the carol and the colour, Lord, we bring
What things may be of thanks, and that Thou hast
lent our days

Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing.

John Drinkwater.

The Golden Road

A PRAYER

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Nor for the remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us ; we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

The Golden Road

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees :
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

John Drinkwater.

FROM "A LITTLE TE DEUM OF THE COMMONPLACE"

FOR those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands
That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring
Life out of death, the endless mystery ;—
For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring ;
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue ;
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed ;
For all thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness ;
The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze ;
The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,
Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours ;
For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wild rose ;
For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with
stars ;
For every tint of every tiniest flower ;
For every daisy smiling to the sun ;
For every bird that builds in joyous hope ;
For every lamb that frisks besides its dam ;
For every leaf that rustles in the wind ;
For spiring poplar, and for spreading oak ;
For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm ;
For the great cedar's benedictory grace ;
For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—
Sweet altar-gifts from leaf and fruit and flower ;
For every wondrous thing that greens and grows ;

The Golden Road

For widespread cornlands,—billowing golden seas ;
For rippling stream, and white-laced waterfall ;
For purpling mountains ; lakes like silver shields ;
For white-piled clouds that float against the blue ;
For tender green of far-off upland slopes ;
For fringing forests and far gleaming spires ;
For those white peaks, serene and grand and still ;
For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love ;
For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts ;
For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain ;
For gleam and gloom ; for all life's counterchange ;
For hope that quickens under darkening skies ;
For all we see ; for all that underlies,—

We thank Thee, Lord !

John Oxenham.

IN PRAISE OF POETS

*Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.
William Wordsworth.*

The Golden Road

ODE

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

1. To whom does the word " we " refer ?
2. How far are the statements made about the power of these " music-makers " true ?
3. Quote instances, historical or otherwise, of writings which have had widespread influence.
4. How far do the last two lines apply to the modern age ?
5. What do you understand by the statement " that a poet is prophet " ? Did O'Shaughnessy share that opinion ?

THE OLD SHIPS

James Elroy Flecker

1. Of what sea is the poet talking ? Find on a map the places he mentions.
2. At approximately what date were " pirate Genoese " very common ?
3. Who was the " talkative bald-headed seaman " ? What do you know of him ?
4. Why is the poem divided into two parts ?
5. This poem has been described as imaginative. Does that word adequately describe what was meant ?

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

James Elroy Flecker

1. What is a prologue ?
2. Give examples of beauty that is lasting.
3. What is meant by " Poets of the proud old lineage " ?
4. What is (a) the Orient, (b) a caravan ?

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BRUMANA

James Elroy Flecker

1. What well-known poem does this remind you of ? What differences do you note ?
2. Why does the poet call the pines " traitor pines " ? What name does the poet of " A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace " (page 161) give to the trees ? What difference is there in the points of view of these two poets ?
3. Where was the poet when he wrote the piece ?
4. By what means does the poet give a sense of yearning to the whole poem ?
5. Has the poet set down his thoughts at random, or is there a scheme to which he is working ? If so, what is the scheme ?

THE UPRIGHT MAN

Thomas Campion

1. What is a didactic poem ? Is this one ? Can you recall any didactic poems that you have read ?
2. Make a note of all the adjectives in the poem. Are they ordinary words or otherwise ? Could any be omitted without altering the sense ?

THE GREAT LOVER

Rupert Brooke

1. What does the poet mean by stating that he has filled his days " so proudly with the splendour of Love's praise " ?
2. Of what is he going to cheat death ?

The Golden Road

3. By what three names does he call Love? What is the significance of his images?
4. State the several reasons for which the poet intends to enumerate the things he has loved.
5. At what point, if any, in this poem do you get a surprise? Into what three parts does the poem naturally fall?
6. Are the objects described in most words the easiest to visualise?
7. Examine the metre and rhyme-scheme and say of what the poem consists.
8. Are there any passages whose meaning is obscure? Can you suggest why?

LAMENT

Wilfrid Gibson

1. To whom is the poet referring when he mentions "they who went . . . and spent their lives for us"? What approximate date can you give to this poem?
2. Put into your own words the two questions which the poet asks. Is an answer expected? What kind of questions are these? What purpose do they serve?
3. What do you understand by the last line? Is the repetition of the word "heart" purposely done?

THE FIRE

Wilfrid Gibson

1. What pictures in the fire does the poet see?
2. What did the poet do finally and then what picture did he see?

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THE ICE CART

Wilfrid Gibson

1. Was the poet dreaming or day-dreaming ?
2. Is this a realistic or a romantic description of polar regions ?
3. Where is there a sudden change in the style ? Express this by speaking the poem.
4. How many feet are there in most of the lines ? Which lines are irregular ? Is there a good reason for their irregularity ?
5. Write a similar poem suggested by seeing a miniature dust-storm in the street.

HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

Edward Wyndham Tennant

1. Tell the story of the poem in the third person, using not more than thirty words.
2. Where is Laventie, do you gather ? What occupation was the poet following when he discovered the patch of garden ?
3. Which is the longest word in the poem ? Which is the most difficult to understand ? Are there any whose meaning you did not previously know ?
4. What other poem is recalled by the title of this one ? Compare and contrast the two poems.

IN ROMNEY MARSH

John Davidson

1. What does the poet mean by "the wire from Romney town to Hythe" ?

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2. What indication is there that the poet passed close by Dymchurch wall? At what time of day was this journey made?

3. By what means does the poet convey a sense of space, airiness, and wind?

4. Is this poem mainly narrative, descriptive, or autobiographical? What was the poet's purpose in writing it? Is it a lyric?

PAN

E. Hamilton Moore

1. Who was Pan and what were his attributes?

2. How far does this description coincide with your notion of a "gutter child"?

3. Find out all you can of Jupiter, Diana, Venus, Apollo, Neptune, Cupid, and suggest characters met with in daily life who might be the reincarnation of these ancient deities.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

Francis Thompson

1. Into what two parts does the poem naturally fall?

2. In what sense may the poem be said to be an extended metaphor?

3. What is the meaning of "filigree"? Do you find any suggestion of filigree work in the language and structure of the poem?

4. Compare the poem with Bridges' "London Snow" (page 39) under the following headings: (i) Subject, (ii) Treatment, (iii) Suitability of treatment for subject.

5. Compare the general plan of this poem with that of Blake's "The Tiger."

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LONDON SNOW

Robert Bridges

1. Which of the incidents and sights mentioned by Bridges do *you* usually associate with the early part of a snowy day ?

2. Indicate the verbs, adjectives, and adverbs which appear to you to be particularly well chosen.

3. What indications are there in the poem that Bridges was familiar with ordinary people's unspoken thoughts ?

4. What indications of a keen observation do you find ?

5. Mark the rhyme-scheme and attempt to find a pattern in it.

6. Mark carefully the stressed and unstressed syllables. How does the rhythm differ from that usually associated with poetry ?

LARKS

Robert Bridges

1. What aspect of the lark has captured the poet's fancy ?

2. Show that the division of the poem into three stanzas is necessitated by the thoughts expressed.

3. What examples of internal rhyme can you find ?

4. What other poets have written about the lark ? Mention briefly what each has to say.

BEAUTY

John Masefield

1. Would you regard the examples of beauty instanced by the poet as of universal appeal ?

2. Criticise the simile contained in the first two lines and the metaphors of the fifth line.

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3. Do you think any purpose is served by the anonymity suggested by the word "her" in the last line?

TWILIGHT

John Masefield

1. In this poem written in a slow or a quick rhythm? Compare with Browning's "How they brought the good news." Wherein lies the difference?

2. What individual words, if any, help to convey the atmosphere of faint melancholy?

THE DARKLING THRUSH

Thomas Hardy

1. At what time of the day and of the year and in what year approximately did the events narrated by Hardy take place?

2. What factors contributed to the gloom that the poet experienced? What sharp contrast offered itself?

3. What lesson did the poet learn from the thrush's song? Would you call this poem didactic?

4. In this poem what words has Hardy obviously invented for himself? What term do we apply to such words?

AUTUMN

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1. Since this poem is in blank verse, why are the three stanzas marked off from one another?

2. What subjects are mentioned by Longfellow in this poem and by Keats in his "Ode to Autumn"? (page 47).

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3. What other points of resemblance do you find in the two poems? What do you consider to be the greatest difference between them?

4. How far is the age of each poet (at the time of writing) reflected in his poem?

5. If you were writing on Autumn what points would you mention—

(a) in a poem,

(b) in an essay,

(c) in a Geography exercise?

ODE TO AUTUMN

John Keats

1. Give a short title to each stanza.

2. How far are the following exemplified in this poem : personification, apostrophe, metaphor, alliteration, assonance?

3. What is the rhyme scheme of each stanza? Is this a common one or not?

4. What other Odes did Keats write? What outstanding features do they possess in common?

5. Keats is said to be a favourite with boys. Can you, after reading this poem, find any possible reason for this saying?

6. Why, do you think, is the word "rich" so often applied to this Ode?

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

John Keats

1. Find out what you can of Homer, Chapman, and Cortez.

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2. Explain the extended metaphor which comprises the octave of this sonnet.

3. Criticise the similes that comprise the sestet. Could the second simile be called a Homeric simile?

4. What books have created an unforgettable impression upon you? Try to explain why you were thus impressed.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

John Keats

1. Tell the story of the poem in a hundred words and in the third person.

2. What points of resemblance do you find between this poem and the old ballads? What striking differences are there?

3. The poem falls into two parts. What are they?

4. What words and expressions in the poem would now be regarded as either archaic or obsolete? What effect has their use on the poem as a whole?

5. Find the difference between "faery" and "fairy." Then find out something about Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Arthur Hugh Clough

1. What lesson do you think the poet wishes to teach?

2. Give in your own words the meaning of the last stanza.

WIZARDS

Alfred Noyes

Give from each stanza what the poet thought were the most wonderful achievements.

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THE BARREL-ORGAN

Alfred Noyes

1. What famous institution is to be found at Kew ?
2. According to the poet what different effect does Kew in lilac-time have upon the people who visit it ?
3. Give a description of Kew in lilac-time, using the facts contained in the poem.
4. What subtle difference do you note between the first stanza in *italic* and the last ?

A SONG OF ENGLAND

Alfred Noyes

1. What did the poet mean when he said " there is a song of England that none shall ever sing " ?
2. Name the various songs to which the poet refers.

THE VILLAGE

Oliver Goldsmith

1. What words here used by Goldsmith have a meaning to-day different from that intended by the poet ?
2. Do you think that the village was actually as charming as Goldsmith would have us believe ? If not, suggest what influences might have caused the poet to idealise " sweet Auburn."
3. What name is given to the pairs of rhyming lines as here exemplified ? Mention any other authors who used this device a great deal.
4. Either read or look up in an encyclopaedia of literature Goldsmith's " Deserted Village."

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

Oliver Goldsmith

1. From what poem is this extract taken? Of what place and period was it written?
2. With what terms in use to-day would you replace the expressions: "to cypher," "to presage terms," "to gauge"?
3. Wherein does the humour of this descriptive piece lie?
4. What name is given to the particular form of versification used here?

TO VINCENT CORBET, HIS SON

Richard Corbet

1. How far are the father's wishes an example of "moderation in all things"?
2. What delicate compliment is paid by the poet and to whom?
3. Is this poem written in heroic couplets?
4. Do you find any traces of fun in this poem?
5. What are the modern equivalents of "ghostly" and "wit"? Find other indications that the poem is not a modern one.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

Hilaire Belloc

1. What do you understand by "The South Country"?
2. What does the poet dislike in (i) the Midlands, (ii) the North of England, (iii) the West of England? Why has he set his heart on the South Country?

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3. If you had to choose your friends from one English county, which one would you select? Give your reasons.

4. Why has the poet inserted the first two lines of the seventh stanza?

ECSTASY

W. J. Turner

1. Look up the meaning of the word "ecstasy," then say why the poet chose it as the title of this poem.

2. In your own words describe the frieze and the poet's reaction to it.

3. Do you understand the meaning of (i) the middle three lines of the second stanza, (ii) the last line of the poem?

4. Criticise the following figures of speech used by the poet :—

" Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,"

" Sails would . . . slowly melt away,"

" His shell-like ear,"

" The whorls of mortal ears,"

" Singing seas,"

" I felt the cool sea dream around my feet,"

" I sang like a carven pipe of music."

5. Make comments on the poet's use of adjectives in this poem.

YUSSOUF

James Russell Lowell

1. What event had preceded the visit of Ibrahim to Yussouf's tent?

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2. What were Yussouf's feelings towards his dead son ?
3. Why did Yussouf behave as he did ?
4. What devices has the poet adopted to increase the dramatic interest of the story ?
5. Explain the expression " To heap coals of fire on one's head."

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. What is a cranny ?
2. What do you consider to be very wonderful about a plant ?

EXTRACT FROM " MORTE D'ARTHUR "

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. What is the meaning of " Morte D'Arthur " ?
2. To what is King Arthur referring in the first line of his speech ?
3. Comment upon the figures of speech beginning:
 - (a) " let thy voice rise . . . "
 - (b) " For so the whole round earth . . . "
 - (c) " like some full-breasted swan . . . "
4. In what other works does Tennyson deal with Arthurian stories and characters ?
5. What other authors of note have written of King Arthur and his knights ? Place these writers in chronological order.

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. From what poem is this an extract? In what circumstances was the poem written?

2. "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Make a list of old and new as enumerated by Tennyson.

3. What does Tennyson mean by (a) "the fuller minstrel," (b) "the Christ that is to be"?

4. Of what figure of speech is the whole work an example?

5. What is the effect of the frequent repetition of the expressions:

"Ring out . . .", "Ring in . . ."?

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Tell in your own words the story of The Lady of Shalott.

ULYSSES

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. What was the great desire of Ulysses?

2. Why did Ulysses feel he could safely leave his island?

3. Quote three lines which relate to *experience* and give the meaning of the lines in your own words.

4. Quote from the poem to show that Ulysses was filled with a great determination.

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EXTRACT FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL "

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. Into what two parts does this extract naturally fall ? Give the gist of each part.
2. How far has Tennyson's " Vision of the world " proved accurate ?
3. Mark the caesura in each line. In how many lines does it occur after the eighth syllable ?

A VISION

Alexander Pope

1. How much of Pope's vision is ever likely to be realised ? Which parts of it would be undesirable in reality ?
2. Find the meanings of " falchion," " steer," and " basilisk " as used in this poem.
3. In what metre is the poem written ? When was this metre very popular ? Does Pope belong to that epoch ?
4. What other " visionary " poems do you know ?
5. What recent writers have made a name for themselves by their prophetic writings ?

IN MAY

William Henry Davies

1. In what circumstances did the poet first indulge in dreaming ? What were the subjects of his dreams ?
2. According to the poem, to what extent has his dream been realised ?

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3. Comment upon the aptness or not of the expressions :
"the stars that bubbled in clear skies," "hemmed in by
wrecks of men," "bird-singing land."

4. Have you any comment to make on the unity of
structure of this poem ?

WINTER'S BEAUTY

William Henry Davies

1. Is there any deep thought in the poem ? Is there any
unusual one ?

2. How many examples of enjambment are to be
found in this poem ? What effect is produced by their
scarcity ?

3. Compare and contrast this poem with "Spring and
Poetry," by Archibald Y. Campbell (page 113).

4. Write a similar poem in praise of one of the other
seasons.

THE MOON

William Henry Davies

What is the effect of the beauty of the moon on the
poet ?

THE OLD STOIC

Emily Brontë

1. Who were the Stoics ? What were their aims and
ideals ? What other sect is usually associated with
them ?

2. What does the poet despise ? And for what does
she pray ?

3. What do you know of Emily Brontë and her family ?

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THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

William Shakespeare

1. What figure of speech is employed in the first two lines ?
2. What use is made of caricature in the various descriptions ?
3. What kind of humour is to be found throughout the extract ? Read " As You Like It " and say whether this humour is what you would expect of Jaques.
4. With what other works are you acquainted in which man's life is vividly described by means of an analogy ?
5. Draw a " strip " cartoon of the seven ages of man.

THE CROWDED HOUR

Major Mordaunt

1. Give the meaning of (a) a clarion, (b) a fife.
2. Express briefly the meaning of the poem.
3. The last two lines of this stanza are often quoted. Do you know any more famous sayings taken from longer poems ?

OUR BIRTH IS BUT A SLEEP

William Wordsworth

1. Find an example of paradox in this extract.
2. Do you think that Wordsworth believed in pre-existence ? What other explanation would you give to the thoughts here expressed ?
3. In what other poem in this book is there a reference to a man's soul as his life's star ?

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THE GREEN LINNET

William Wordsworth

1. (a) What is the meaning of "sequestered" ?
(b) What was the sequestered nook ?
2. What is a covert ?
3. Why is the linnet called the "Presiding spirit" ?
4. What phrase in the fourth stanza tells that the linnet was very happy ?

O SWEET CONTENT

Thomas Dekker

1. Explain the expressions "golden numbers" and "crispèd spring" and comment on the aptness of the adjectives.
2. What indications are there that these words were intended to be set to music ?
3. Compare this poem with any other you know in which a humble life is extolled.
4. What other poems do you know containing meaningless refrains ? What is the purpose of such refrains ?

OVERHEARD ON A SALTMARSH

Harold Monro

1. What is (a) a nymph, (b) a goblin ?
2. What did the goblin say he would do if the nymph did not give him the beads ?
3. Give the reasons why the goblin said he loved the beads.

(This poem lends itself to choral verse speaking.)

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UNANSWERED QUESTION

Harold Monro

1. What kinds of existence does the poet associate with each of the four directions of journeying? What are his reasons, do you think? What kind of weather do you associate with the winds that come from these points?
2. Which journey would you choose? Why? Which journey would the poet choose, do you think? Why?
3. To what extent is the poem allegorical? Explain the allegory.
4. Examine the stressed and unstressed syllables throughout the poem, and say how far the metre is regular or irregular.

THE STREAM'S SONG

Lascelles Abercrombie

1. Who speaks the words of the poem? To whom?
2. Reconcile the apparently contradictory orders given in the first stanza and the last but one.
3. Is there anything in the stanza-form which is particularly suitable to the subject of the poem?
4. Compare and contrast this poem with Tennyson's "The Brook."

RETREAT

Richard Aldington

1. Is it possible to experience such a "time of retreat" as the poet describes? If so, how and when? Would you care to undergo the experience? Suggest why the poet should.

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2. Enumerate the various expressions used by the poet to describe this "time of retreat." How many of them convey a sense of "negativeness"?

3. What form of versification does the poet use? Can you suggest a possible reason?

4. Why does the poet talk of "Atlantic" waves of time? Look up the word "Atlantic" in a *good* dictionary or encyclopaedia.

SPRING AND POETRY

Archibald Y. Campbell

1. What unconventional view does the poet take of Spring?

2. What does the poet contrast with Nature's Spring? Which does he prefer and why?

3. What is the main thought in the poem? Say whether you think the length of the poem is justifiable?

4. What is the climax of the poem?

5. Using any of the ideas of the poem, give its gist in an epigram of four lines at the most.

NOW TO BE STILL AND REST

P. H. B. Lyon

1. In what circumstances do you suppose the poem was written?

2. What is the poet's wish for the future?

3. Show that, by describing what he is now experiencing, and hopes to experience, the poet still has in mind his experiences of the immediate past.

4. Find an example of antithesis in the poem.

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.....

MY GOLD

Eden Phillpotts

1. Which word should receive the stress in the first line?
2. Look up in an encyclopaedia or book on wild flowers a description of each of the plants enumerated in the poem, and find in a dictionary the meaning of all the other words with which you are unfamiliar.
3. Explain the extended metaphor, which forms the root idea of this poem. Pay particular attention to the last two lines.
4. Make any reasonable comment upon the following words as used in this poem : glimmering, glow, naked, needling, spire.

THE SAND-GLASS

Eden Phillpotts

1. Do you think it likely that "grains of red Afric dust" would be used in an ordinary sand-glass? Bearing your answer in mind, what do you think of the idea of the poem?
2. Upon what does the poem depend for its : (a) interest (b) originality?
3. Write a similar poem on one of the following : A lump of coal. A coral necklace. A drop of rain.

TO LIFE

Mary Webb

1. Express briefly and simply the poet's wish.
2. Examine the form of each stanza to discover in how many particulars they resemble one another.
3. What examples of antithesis are contained in the poem?

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THE UNCOMMON MAN

Humbert Wolfe

1. What do you consider is unusual about the arrangement of the lines in the poem ?
2. According to the poet, what limitation does man possess ?
3. In spite of his seeming limitations, what powers does he possess ?
4. Do you consider the title of the poem appropriate ? Justify your answer.

MAGNA EST VERITAS

Coventry Patmore

1. Into what two parts does the poem fall ? What idea connects them ? What difference of treatment do you notice ? What is the meaning of the last four lines ?
2. What is the meaning of the title ?

TIDE-RIVER

Charles Kingsley

1. To what parts of the river does the poet refer in each stanza ?
2. Say for what purpose the poet employs the following :
 - (i) The inverted repetition of the adjectives at the beginning of each stanza.
 - (ii) The alliteration of " shining shingle " and " taintless tide."
 - (iii) The antithesis of " baser " and " richer."
 - (iv) The sharp contrast between stanzas 1 and 2, and 2 and 3.
 - (v) The extra lines in the last stanza.

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3. Make comment upon the word-music of the poem.
4. Compare and contrast this poem with "The Brook" by Tennyson, paying particular attention to the word-music of each poem.

THE BIRTH OF SPEECH

Hartley Coleridge

1. Does the poet state what was the origin of speech? By what device does he acquaint the reader with his own suggestions?
2. Who is referred to in the second line? In what other line is reference made to the same person?
3. Explain "the four mellifluous streams."
4. Is this poem written in the same verse-form as "All Nature Ministers to Hope"?
5. What relation was Hartley Coleridge to Samuel Taylor Coleridge?

WHICH WERE THE STRINGS, MUSICIAN?

V. Sackville-West

1. What is the poet able to do by means of her music?
2. What is (a) a constellation, (b) landfall?
3. Explain the meaning of the lines:
"Mine is the earliest melody,
The haven, and the fold."

SONG

Frederick William Harvey

1. Does the poet intend to enjoy beauty actively or passively? Why?
2. Make an intelligent comment on the ending of the poem.

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3. This poem is called a song. With how much justification ?

4. Read Siegfried Sassoon's "Everyone" and compare it with this poem.

SOMERSET LANES

Teresa Hooley

1. Examine pictures (in an illustrated encyclopaedia or seedsman's catalogue) of the various flowers mentioned, and comment upon the aptness of the epithets used.

2. Where are the three ranges of hills named by the poet ?

3. What season does the poet neglect to mention ?

4. Is there any deep thought in this poem ? What was the poet's main purpose in writing it ?

CLOVELLY

Teresa Hooley

1. Where is Clovelly ? For what is it famous ? If you have visited this village, give your impressions of it.

2. Have you ever felt about any place as the poet feels about Clovelly ?

3. Explain the reference to Gadarene swine.

4. Compare this poem with "Somerset Lanes" (page 127) by the same author.

PIED BEAUTY

Gerard Manley Hopkins

1. What element of prayer is to be found in this poem ?

2. How far is the poet justified in his use of compound words in this poem ?

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3. Mention three more "dappled" or "couple-coloured" things, and suggest suitable epithets, using compound words.

4. How many words does the poet use to denote "having more than one colour"? Do you know any others?

BEAUTY THE PILGRIM

Gerald Gould

1. What claim has this poem to be called an allegory? How closely is the allegory applied?

2. Write a poem, or suggest ideas for a poem, on "Luck the Rover."

3. Compare the metre and rhyme-scheme of each stanza. Are they built on the same pattern?

FALLEN CITIES

Gerald Gould

Give in your own words the substance of the poem.

PRAYER IN MAY

V. Helen Friedlaender

1. Which idea in Teresa Hooley's "Somerset Lanes" (page 127) is echoed in this poem? What difference is there of utterance?

2. What do you expect to find in *any* prayer? Does this poem fulfil your expectations?

3. Upon what subjects has the poet drawn for her imagery in the second stanza? Are the metaphors "mixed"? How apt are they?

4. Suggest ideas for a "prayer in August" or a "prayer in November"—on similar lines to this one.

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THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

Eva Gore-Booth

1. Give the gist of the poem in two short sentences.
2. Why does the poet talk of the "hidden" beauty of things? Mention three instances of beauty which is not hidden.
3. Examine carefully each of the instances of beauty sought and beauty discovered, and say whether you think the poet is speaking literally or metaphorically.
4. What is there common to the versification of each stanza? And in what ways do they differ?

THE CITIES

George William Russell (Æ)

Contrast this poem with the poem "Fallen Cities" (page 132) by Gerald Gould.

FORTY YEARS ON

Edward Ernest Bowen

1. What is the poet doing in this poem?
2. Express in your own words the thoughts which filled his mind.

O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY

John Gay

1. How do you know that the poet is addressing a lady?
2. Describe her in your own words.
3. Find all the similes that you can in this poem. Would you say that "No lily has such lustre" was a simile? What term could you apply to this line?
4. Suggest an adjective which aptly describes the spirit of the poem.

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5. Can you find any similarity in mood between the poem and the Spring Song by Browning? If so, wherein does it lie?

THE LOST LEADER

Robert Browning

1. What had the leader done?
2. What great examples from the past had they?
3. Quote four lines from the poem which explain the reason for their distress at the leader's action.
4. What generous thought does the poet finally express?

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

Algernon Swinburne

1. What does the poet say operated in the making of man?
2. From the last stanza name the attributes which the poet says were given to man.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

Robert Burns

1. Who is supposed to be speaking in the poem?
2. What is meant by (a) "we clamb the hill thegither"; (b) "totter down"; (c) "sleep thegither at the foot"?
3. Read the poem "The Uphill Road" in Book I.

THE SILENT FIELD

Matthew Arnold

1. What scents does the poet associate with the evening?
2. (a) What sound is heard in the evening which is not heard in the daytime.
(b) Account for this.

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THE FROST SPIRIT

J. G. Whittier

1. What is the effect of the Frost Spirit on : (a) the woods and fields, (b) the fisherman's boat and its contents, (c) the lakes and streams ?

LEAVETAKING

Sir William Watson

1. Why does the poet say the light should go although it is lovely ?
2. What in the second stanza does the poet ask to pass away ? Can you give reasons for this ?

THE GIPSY GIRL

Ralph Hodgson

1. Describe the appearance of the Gipsy Girl.
2. What is meant by "the den of wild things in the darkness of her eyes" ?

ARABIA

Walter de la Mare

1. Relate in your own words what the poet often sees in his imagination.
2. Quote two lines to show how deeply Arabia has affected him.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Gordon Bottomley

Give the substance of the poem in your own words.

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THE SHEPHERDESS

Alice Meynell

1. Explain the allegory in this poem or, alternatively, describe the Shepherdess in non-allegorical language.
2. What is the significance of the words "shepherdess" and "maternal" here?
3. How far is the allegory of the poem maintained? Where is it abandoned?
4. Do you think Alice Meynell owes anything to the parable of the good shepherd?
5. How is it that although the language here used is of the simplest, the thought is not easy to comprehend?

A DEAD HARVEST IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

Alice Meynell

1. Why is the grass described as "graceless" and in what sense are the dark and the silence "narrow"?
2. Of what is the poet reminded by the shedding of the leaves?
3. What is the precise meaning of the last line?
4. Can you ascertain from the poem which parts of the town Alice Meynell preferred?

HYMN TO DIANA

Ben Jonson

1. Who were Diana, Hesperus, and Cynthia? What did the Greeks and Romans call the Sun?
 2. What does Jonson entreat of Diana?
 3. What epithets of praise are applied to Diana?
 4. Mention any other poems you have read which are based upon classical mythology.
- Try to find out when they were written.

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ORPHEUS

John Fletcher

1. What is the story of Orpheus ?
2. What evidence is there in the poem itself that it was intended to be sung to music ?
3. Express clearly the meaning of the last three lines of the poem.
4. Find the source of the poem.

MAN HIS OWN STAR

John Fletcher

1. Paraphrase this extract, without using any figures of speech.
2. Do the two statements " Man is his own star " and " Our acts our angels are " mean precisely the same ?
3. Who expressed a similar remark to " Man is his own star " ? What did he say ?

THE VAGABOND

John Drinkwater

Compare this poem with the one by R. L. Stevenson in Book II and say what is common to both of them.

MORNING THANKSGIVING

John Drinkwater

Name as many things as you can for which thanks are offered.

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A PRAYER

John Drinkwater

1. Answer in one word each :

For what does the poet *not* wish to pray ?

For what *does* he wish to pray ?

2. Examine the poem stanza by stanza, and express the full meaning of each one, without using *any* figures of speech. Is this an easy task ? Say why.

3. Which would you rather have—a clear knowledge of right and wrong, or the will to do what you believe is right ? Give your reasons.

4. Debate the suggestion that those who are ignorant of the law should not be punished for breaking the law.

FROM "A LITTLE TE DEUM OF THE COMMONPLACE"

John Oxenham

1. What is a Te Deum ? How does it come to be so called ?

2. What comprehensive name would include all the things that the poet mentions ?

3. What metre is here used ?

4. Is there any rhyme in this poem ? Is there a rhyme-scheme ? Do you notice something pleasing in the last vowel sound in each line ? Read a number of lines aloud.

5. How many complete sentences does the poem contain ?

6. Read Rupert Brooke's "The Great Lover" and compare and contrast it with this extract.

BIOGRAPHICAL CAMEOS

“*The Golden Road*” Note-book

Note to Pupils

In your anthology note-book write the facts concerning the author as you study a poem, and then write below the title of the poem under the heading “List of Poems Studied.” As you study further poems by the same author in the other “Golden Road” Anthologies or elsewhere, enter the titles in your note-book.

ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES, who was born in Cheshire in 1881, was educated at Malvern and Manchester University. In 1929 he became Professor of English Literature at the University of London. He has written a number of volumes of poetry, a work entitled *The Theory of Poetry*, and also a critical study of Thomas Hardy. Died 1938.

ALDINGTON, RICHARD, was born in 1892, and educated at Dover College and London University. His poetical works include *Collected Poems* and *The Eaten Heart*. He is also the author of several novels, among them *Death of a Hero* and *Women Must Work*.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, son of Dr. Arnold the famous headmaster of Rugby, was born in 1822 and died in 1888. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford. He became an Inspector of Schools, and did much towards improving the English educational system. For ten years he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His writing reveals his sincerity, but through his finest work there runs a vein of depression. His best-

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known poems include "The Scholar Gipsy," "Sohrab and Rustum," and "The Forsaken Merman."

BELLOC, HILAIRE, was born in France in 1870, and educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, and Balliol College, Oxford. He is one of the most versatile writers of modern times. His works include essays, biographical and historical studies, and two volumes of poetry, *Verses* and *Verses and Sonnets*.

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON, was born in 1874, at Keighley, and educated at the Grammar School there. His poetical dramas are among his finest work, and include *King Lear's Wife* and *Midsummer Eve*. He has also written lyrics of much beauty and charm. He was awarded the Femina Prize, Paris, in 1923, and in 1925 the Benson Medal of the Royal Society of Literature.

BOWEN, EDWARD ERNEST, was born in 1836 and died in 1901. He wrote vigorous verse, as is instanced from his volume of poetry entitled *Harrow Songs*.

BRIDGES, ROBERT, who was made Poet Laureate in 1913, was born in Kent in 1844. He was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and then studied medicine. Later he worked in London hospitals until he resigned in 1882 to devote himself to literature. He died in 1930. His works include poems, plays, and critical essays. *The Growth of Love* and *Shorter Poems* contain lyrical verse of unique charm. *The Testament of Beauty*, published in 1929, was highly praised. His criticism includes *Milton's Prosody*.

BRONTË, EMILY, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was born at Thornton, Yorkshire, in 1818, and later lived at the Parsonage, Haworth. She received part of her educa-

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tion in Brussels. Her sisters, Charlotte and Anne, her brother, Branwell, and herself make up the greatest example of group genius in the history of English literature. Her poems, which show force and vigour, and her novel, *Wuthering Heights*, give her the highest place as a woman writer. She died in 1841.

BROOKE, RUPERT, who was born in 1887, was educated at Rugby School and King's College, Cambridge. At the beginning of the First World War he joined the Royal Volunteer Reserve. His poems express very vividly the joys, the sorrows, and the aspirations of youth. His published works include *Letters from America* and *Collected Poems*. He died on active service in 1915.

BROWNING, ROBERT, was born at Camberwell in 1812. When he was eighteen he determined to make the writing of poetry his profession. Early years spent in Italy had a lasting influence on his work. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and made his home in Florence until her death in 1861. The most popular of his longer poems are "The Ring and the Book" and "Asolando."

BURNS, ROBERT, who was born in 1759, was the son of an Ayrshire farmer and worked for his father. When he was twenty-seven he made up his mind to emigrate to the West Indies, but gave up the idea on the success of his first volume of poems. For some time he lived in Edinburgh; afterwards he took up farming, and later occupied a post in the Excise. "To a Mountain Daisy," "Ye Banks and Braes," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Hallowe'en" are among the most popular of his poems. He died in 1796.

CAMPBELL, ARCHIBALD Y., was born in 1885, and

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educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He became Professor of Greek at the University of Liverpool. His poetry, which is vivid and direct, is published under the title *Poems*.

CAMPION, THOMAS, a London physician during the time of Queen Elizabeth, was also a poet and musician. He wrote some delightful verse and composed madrigals, many of which are still sung. He died in 1619.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, who was born at Liverpool in 1819, was the son of a cotton merchant and spent the early years of his life in South Carolina, where his father had settled. Returning to England he was sent to Rugby, where he distinguished himself as an athlete. Later he went to Balliol College, Oxford, and travelled extensively on the Continent. He died in 1861.

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, who was born at Clevedon in Somersetshire in 1796, was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was educated at Ambleside School and Merton College, Oxford, and later became a Fellow of Oriel College, but he relinquished this post for literature. In 1849 he died at Grasmere in the Lake District.

CORBET, RICHARD, was born in 1582, and educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. He took Orders and was appointed one of the royal chaplains by James I. His poems are mostly humorous and satiric. He died in 1635.

DAVIDSON, JOHN, who was born in Renfrewshire in 1857, became a journalist. He wrote poetry and plays. His most popular work is *Ballads and Songs*. He died in 1908.

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY, who first received recognition as a poet at the age of thirty-four, was born at Newport

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(Mon.) in 1870. He was apprenticed to a picture-frame maker, but later went to America, where he lived as a tramp. Returning to England, he led a penurious existence as a hawker. His writing is based on his experience. His chief poetical works are *The Soul's Destroyer*, *Nature Poems*, *Secrets*, *Farewell to Poesy*, *Songs of Joy*, and *The Song of Life*; while his prose works include *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*. He died in 1940.

DEKKER, THOMAS, was born in London about 1570. He wrote many plays, of which only a few were published, among them *The Shoemaker's Holiday* and *The Virgin Martyr*. He was also the author of two excellent pamphlets, *The Wonderful Year*, in which he describes the Great Plague, and *The Bellman of London*, in which he gives an account of London vagabonds. For this second work he gained his experience from his years in prison as a debtor. His poetry is singularly happy and tuneful. He died in 1637.

DE LA MARE, WALTER, who is the author of some first-rate poetry for young folk, was born in 1873, in Kent, and educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. His works include *Songs of Childhood*, *Peacock Pie*, and *The Listeners*. Among his prose works are a children's story called *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, *Memoirs of a Midget*, and many novels and short stories.

DRINKWATER, JOHN, "sings of his native Cotswolds," where he was born in 1882. He was educated at Oxford High School. Always interested in drama, he helped to form the Pilgrim Players, which afterwards became the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company. In addition to writing some very fine poetry, he wrote a number of plays, including *Abraham Lincoln*, *Mary Stuart*, and

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Cromwell. He was also a critic of note. His autobiography was entitled *Inheritance*. He died in 1937.

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY, was born in 1884 and died in 1915. He was educated at Uppingham School and Trinity College, Oxford. He entered the Consular Service, and spent some time in Constantinople and the Levant. The effects of his sojourn in this region are seen in his dramatic work, particularly in *Hassan*.

FLETCHER, JOHN, was born at Rye in 1579. In literary collaboration with Beaumont he produced a number of very successful plays, among them *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. His poetry includes many beautiful lyrics.

FRIEDLAENDER, VIOLET HELEN, was born in Palestine, and educated at St. Mary's Hall, Brighton, and in Switzerland. She taught for some years. She is a poet, novelist, and essayist.

GAY, JOHN, was born at Barnstaple in 1685. After being apprenticed to a silk-mercator and acting as secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, he made writing his profession, and produced plays and poems. His works include *The Beggar's Opera*. Swift and Pope were his friends. He died in 1732.

GIBSON, WILSON WILFRID, was born in 1878 in Hexham, Northumberland. He lived with miners, slum-dwellers, gipsies, and outcasts, and became the poet of the poor. His poetry, at first lyrical and gay, shows strong imaginative power; his later work is grimly realistic. His chief publications are *Stonefolds*, *Daily Bread*, *Battle*, *Thoroughfares*, and *Collected Poems*.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, who was born in 1728, was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained his bachelor's degree.

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He applied for ordination, but was refused, and he then studied medicine at Cambridge. He did not, however, take his work seriously. Travelling on foot over France, Switzerland, and Italy, he supported himself by playing on his flute. On returning to London he took up literary work, and wrote essays which were published under the title *The Citizen of the World*; a novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; two plays, *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; and a number of poems, including "The Deserted Village." He died in 1774.

GORE-BOOTH, EVA, (1870-1925) was one of the workers for the cause of Women's Suffrage in the early days of the twentieth century. Her volumes of poetry are distinguished by a deep love of Ireland.

GOULD, GERALD, was born in 1885, and educated at Norwich, University College, London, and Magdalen College, Oxford. As well as being a lecturer and a journalist, he is also an essayist, a critic, a novelist, and a poet. His works include *Lyrics, Poems, Odes and Sonnets*, and *Collected Poems*; also a critical study, *The English Novel of To-day*. He died in 1927.

HARDY, THOMAS, was born in 1840 near Dorchester. He was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect but, although brilliantly successful, he gave up this work for a literary career. He wrote poetry at first, but later devoted himself to fiction. After the publication of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, he began to write poetry again. In all his writing he uses nature as a screen against which he portrays human conflict. In 1910 he was awarded the O.M. He died in 1929.

HARVEY, FREDERICK WILLIAM, was born in Gloucestershire in 1888, and educated at Rossall School. After

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serving his articles he became a solicitor. His works include *A Gloucestershire Lad at Home and Abroad* and *Gloucestershire Friends*.

HODGSON, RALPH, was born in Yorkshire in 1871. He has been journalist, draughtsman, and editor, and has spent some years in America. Among his principal works are *The Last Blackbird* and *Poems*.

HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY, was born in 1844. Although he lived in the Victorian era, his poems were not published until 1918. He died in 1889.

HOOLEY, TERESA, who was born at Risley Hall, Derbyshire, has written much poetry of real merit. Her published works include *Collected Poems*, *Songs of all Seasons*, *Twenty-nine Lyrics*, and *New Poems*.

JONSON, BEN, who was born in 1573 in London and educated at Westminster School, was the most accomplished dramatist after Shakespeare. He endured great hardship in his early years, and became in turn a bricklayer's apprentice, a soldier, an actor, and a playwright. Among his plays are *Everyman in His Humour*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*. He began a new style in English comedy. His poems have a charming quality. He died in 1637.

KEATS, JOHN, who was born in 1795 in London, was the son of a livery-stable keeper. All his early work shows a liking for Elizabethan literature. At first he intended to become a surgeon, but later gave this up to devote himself to writing. Although he died when he was only twenty-six, his poems possess such wonderful lyrical and imaginative qualities that he is acclaimed as one of England's major poets. Among his most notable works are *Endymion* and many lyrical poems. He died in 1821.

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KINGSLEY, CHARLES, was born at Holne Vicarage, on Dartmoor, in 1819, and educated at King's College, London, and Magdalen College, Cambridge. He became Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, and later Canon of Chester and Canon of Westminster. His prose works include *Westward Ho!*, *Hyppatia*, *Hereward the Wake*, *The Heroes*, and *The Water Babies*. He also wrote a fair quantity of verse. He died in 1875.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807 and died in 1882. He was the son of a lawyer, and became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University. He is the most famous of American poets.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and was educated at Harvard University. He became a lawyer, but soon relinquished law to devote himself to literature. He excelled as an essayist, but also wrote poetry of considerable distinction. His poetical works include *Under the Willows* and *Fable for Critics*, and his prose *Among my Books*. He died in 1891.

LYON, PERCY HUGH BEVERLEY, was born in 1893, and educated at Rugby School and Oriel College, Oxford. From 1921 to 1926 he was Rector of Edinburgh Academy, and became headmaster of Rugby School in 1931. His works include *Songs of Youth and War*, *Turn Fortune*, and *The Discovery of Poetry*.

MASEFIELD, JOHN, was born in 1878 in Herefordshire. After an adventurous youth at sea, he lived for some years in America, where he earned a living by doing various odd jobs. When he was twenty-five he began his career in literature as a critic. He won success with his long poem "The Everlasting Mercy," which was

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published in 1911. His output includes several volumes of poetry and also novels, essays, plays, and short stories. He became Poet Laureate in 1931.

MEYNELL, ALICE, was born in 1850, and educated by her father. She spent much of her early life in Italy. Several volumes of her poems and essays have been published. She died in 1922.

MONRO, HAROLD, was born in Brussels in 1879, and educated at Radley and Caius College, Cambridge. He spent several years in Ireland, Italy, and Switzerland. In 1911 he founded the *Poetry Review*, and later *Poetry and Drama*; then in 1913 he opened the Poetry Bookshop in London, which he intended as a meeting-place for all lovers of poetry. He died in 1932.

MOORE, E. HAMILTON, is a modern poet who has published a number of books of verse.

MORDAUNT, MAJOR, in 1791, wrote the lines "The Crowded Hour." This poem was quoted in 1815 by Sir Walter Scott in *Old Mortality*.

NOYES, ALFRED, was born in Wolverhampton in 1880, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He is an authority on Elizabethan literature. His poetry shows a fine command of words and an excellent sense of rhythm. His main works include *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* and *Forty Singing Seamen*.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR, was of Irish descent and was born in London in 1844 and died in 1881. He was an authority on fishes and reptiles.

OXENHAM, JOHN, was born in Manchester, and educated at the Old Trafford School and at Manchester University. He adopted a business career and lived for some years in France and in the United States. On his return to

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England he began to write, and eventually devoted all his time to literature.

PATMORE, COVENTRY, was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1822. He became a librarian at the British Museum, and was friendly with Rossetti and other Pre-Raphaelites. He died in 1896.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN, was born at Mount Abu, India, in 1862. He was educated at Plymouth, and from 1880 to 1890 worked in an insurance office. He studied dramatic art, intending to make the stage his career, but abandoned this. He has achieved distinction as a novelist, playwright, and poet.

POPE, ALEXANDER, was born in 1688. Always delicate, he began to write poetry while very young. His works include *An Essay on Man*, *The Rape of the Lock*, and a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. Early in his career he discovered that absolute correctness had never been achieved by any English poet, and he made this his goal and enjoyed conspicuous success.

RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM (Æ), was born at Lurgan, co. Armagh, in 1867, and devoted his life to writing and painting. His published works include *Homeward Songs by the Way*, *Voices of the Stones*, *Collected Poems*, and *A Prose Drama*. He died in 1935.

SACKVILLE-WEST, V., who was born at Sevenoaks in 1892, is the daughter of Baron Sackville. She has travelled widely. Her published works include *Poems of West and East*, *Orchard Vineyard*, *The Land*, for which the author was awarded the Hawthornden Prize, and *The Edwardians*.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, and was educated at the Grammar School there.

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He went to London while in his early twenties, became an actor, then a playwright, and finally part-owner of the Globe Theatre. He wrote thirty-seven plays and over two hundred sonnets, and is recognised as the greatest of all dramatists, his works including tragedies, historical plays, and comedies. In 1613 he returned to Stratford-on-Avon, where he spent the last three years of his life. He died on his birthday, April 23rd, in the year 1616.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, was born in London in 1837, and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. The publication of *Atalanta in Calydon*, in 1865, established him as a poet of the first rank. He had a vast output of poems, critical essays, and other literary forms, among these being *Songs before Sunrise*, *Mary Stuart*, *Rosamund*, and *Queen of the Lombards*. In his verse he showed himself to be a master of rhythm, and clearly possessed an unusual appreciation for beauty in his choice of words. He had as friends Landor, Rossetti, and Meredith. He died in 1909.

TENNANT, EDWARD WYNDHAM, was born in 1895. Immediately before his death in action in the First World War his first book of verse was published. He showed exceptional promise as a poet. He died in 1915.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, was born in 1809 at Somersby in Lincolnshire, and was educated at home and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His early poems were published in 1830. Among his best-known poems are the "Idylls of the King," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and his many ballads. He succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and in 1884 Queen Victoria bestowed a peerage on him. His work showed great scholarship, was possessed of lyrical beauty, and contained many exact

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and charming nature pictures. Much of his poetry showed his desire for social reform and his sympathy and love for humanity. He died in 1892 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THOMPSON, FRANCIS, was born near Manchester in 1859, and educated at Owens College, Manchester. He intended to be a priest and then a doctor, but gave up both ideas to write poetry. He suffered great privation in London where he wrote, his misery being increased by taking opium. Mr. and Mrs. Meynell befriended him, and through their kindly offices his poems were published in 1893. "Hound of Heaven" is his most widely known work. His writing shows him to have been a religious mystic. He died in 1907.

TURNER, WALTER JAMES, was born in China in 1889, and educated at Scotch College, Melbourne, and privately in Munich and Vienna. He adopted literature as his profession, and became in turn Dramatic Critic of the *London Mercury*, Literary Editor of the *Daily Herald*, and Musical Critic of the *New Statesman*. His works include *The Hunter and Other Poems*, *The Dark Fire*, *Paris and Helen*, *In Time like Glass*, *The Man who ate the Popomack*, and *New Poems*. He died in 1946.

WATSON, SIR WILLIAM, was born in Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, in 1858. Early in life he created attention by his poetic gifts. His most important works are *Odes and other Poems*, *Collected Poems*, *New Poems*, and *Poems Brief and New*. His critical books include *Excursions in Criticism* and *Pencraft, a Plea for the Older Ways*.

WEBB, MARY, was born in Shropshire in 1883, and privately educated. At a very early age she began to

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write verse, later she turned her attention to story-writing. Her chief works are her novels: *The Golden Arrow*, *Gone to Earth*, *The House in Dormer Forest*, and *Precious Bane*, for which she was awarded the Femina Prize in 1924. Her poetry is collected in one volume, *Poems*. She died in 1927.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, was born, of Quaker parentage, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. He began to write verse early in life, and took up journalism as a profession. He is an extremely popular American poet. He died in 1892.

WOLFE, HUMBERT, was born in Milan in 1885, and educated at Bradford Grammar School and Wadham College, Oxford. He entered the Civil Service, and in 1918 became Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour. His chief works consist of: poetry—*London Sonnets* and *Sonnets for Helen*; prose—*Dialogues and Monologues*, *Now a Stranger* (autobiography), *Portraits by Inference* (experiments in biography), and *The Upward Anguish* (autobiography). He died in 1940.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, was born at Cockermouth in 1770, and educated at Hawkshead and Cambridge. He travelled abroad and was much influenced by the French Revolution. Among his closest friends were Coleridge and Southey. He devoted his life to the writing of poetry and excelled as the poet of nature. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate. His shorter poems, "Daffodils," "The Rainbow," and his sonnets are among the most beautiful examples in the English language. He died in 1850.

